

A
M O N O D Y

To the MEMORY of
His ROYAL HIGHNESS
F R E D E R I C K
PRINCE of *W A L E S*.

By *W. K E N R I C K*.

I, Decus, I, nostrum : melioribus utere Fatis. VIRGIL.

L O N D O N:

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To the RIGHT HONOURABLE
The Countess of MIDDLESEX.

M A D A M,

AS nothing but your long-known Attachment to Her
ROYAL HIGHNESS the Princess of *WALEs*,
and your present Veneration for the Memory of so Excellent
a PRINCE as His late HIGHNESS, could afford even a
Shadow of Excuse for my Presumption, in directing this
Piece to your Ladyship; so nothing but your equally distin-
guished Goodness and Condescension could have given me
the least Hope of that Honour, your Approbation and Ac-
ceptance of it has conferred on one of so little Consequence
in the Literary World, as,

M A D A M,

Your LADYSHIP'S

Most Obsequious,

And most Obliged,

Humble Servant,

WILLIAM KENRICK.



A

MONODY.

IS there a Son who holds his Father dear,
And fails to mourn the tender Parent's Fall!

Is there a *Briton* fails to shed a Tear!

A general Parent should be mourn'd by all.

FREDERICK *is dead*—Is there a Lyre unstrung?

Is there a Note that cannot make us weep?

Is silent now the Bard that e'er has sung,

Or can the *Muses* with their *Patron* sleep?

B

Ah

Ah no! — Am I the lowest of the Throng,

The meanest, youngest, Stranger to Applause;

The Name of *Briton* justifies the Song,

Whoever sings, in Virtue's sacred Cause.

Hid, where the hopeful promise of the Year

Smil'd o'er the rural Scene, a kind Retreat,

Death's frosty Sound first chill'd my startled Ear,

And stole the Sweetness from each rising Sweet.

The Morning's Eye peep'd o'er the distant Plain,

The budding Grove entic'd mine early Way,

Slowly a-field lagg'd on the listless Swain,

Loft to the Whistle and the wonted Lay.

Each

Each to his Friend pour'd out the Soul sincere,

Each Friend his equal Sorrow doth impart ;

While the sad Pleasure of a social Tear

Bespoke the Burden of an honest Heart.

Aged and bending to his sturdy Plant,

(His *Toil* scarce lessen'd in his Ninetieth Year,

His only Staff to beat off barking *Want*)

Hard by, an hoary Swain stood mute with Care.

A heaving Sigh at length his Silence broke,

When thus the good old Man——*Is't true, my Friend ?*

(A Flood of Tears came gushing as he spoke)

Say——Is it true our Hopes have seen their End ?

His

His Grandfire died—I long did rue the Day——

And is indeed the Pride of Brittain gone ?

I look'd Reply——He felt what I would say,

Turn'd Eye to Heav'n, and droop'd, and plodded on.

Ah me! thought I, whene'er a good Man dies,

If distant Mourners can such Griefs reveal,

What are the Pangs of Souls in nearer Ties,

Or what must *Science* and her Daughters feel !

Loft to myself, I made the Turf my Seat,

In *Contemplation's* lonely, lowly Plight ;

While *Fancy* stole away, with trembling Feet,

And brought the Height of Misery to my Sight.

A pallid Corse, a lifeless, breathless Thing,
 But Yesterday a Nation's gloried Pride,
 But Yesterday the more than half a King,
 Less than a Man To-day, and cast in Death aside.

Ambition weeps—but flow a richer Tear.

The kindest Father, Husband, Brother, Son,
 In ev'ry Tye, in each Relation dear,
 Lov'd, prais'd, and honour'd, is for ever gone.

Behold *Augusta*, leaning o'er her Lord,
 As when she sooth'd his bitter Hours of Pain,
 Return his last fond Look and parting Word,
 As if the tender Call would lure him back again.

But ah! it wo't not be——yet see her stand,
 The living Statue of extreme Despair;
 Death in her Eye, grip'd fast each wringing Hand,
 She bleeds at Heart, but cannot shed a Tear.

Befide her, see her early budding Joys,
 The prattling Hopes of many an happy Year,
 A little lovely Train of Girls and Boys,
 That feel a Father's Death and tender Mother's Care.

Round her they cling their little Hands, in Tears,
 Asking the Voice of Comfort, her's no more.
 Misery so exquisite *Augusta* bears:

Her Heart, too great to burst, was full, too full before.

Thus

Thus sits *Affliction* in her Widow's Weeds,

Doom'd ev'ry Hope and Pleasure to forego:

Her weeping Children stab the Heart that bleeds,

And swell her Portion in the Cup of Woe.

Fix'd like the Marble of some Master Hand,

Behold, whose Features speak the noblest Mind,

The Man compos'd to Heav'n's supreme Command,

To each severest, deadliest Stroke resign'd.

Bent on the striking Scene his Parent Eye,

Strong Sympathy his Nature yet reveals:

He melts, he mixes with the Infant's Cry,

And feels the Pangs the widow'd Mother feels.

A while the Hero joins the Man again,
 By so much more the virtuous by a Tear.
 Who could not feel a Father's tender'st Pain,
 Could ne'er the Sorrows of a Nation bear.

Behold a Brother for a Brother mourn,
 Rich with a Soldier's Heart that cannot lie.
 See the sad Sisters, round the sacred Urn,
 Pour the last Tribute of a painful Sigh.

Fast by, of weeping Friends a num'rous Train,
 Whose happier Lot had plac'd their early Seat,
 Where ev'n a Flatt'rer might have su'd in vain ;
 And only who was good, was lov'd as great.

Where

Where Pleasure smil'd the wretched but to blefs,
 The Debt of Love or Pity but to pay;
 Where lavish Bounty lift'ned to Distrefs,
 Slighted herself, and gave her All away.

This was a *Court*—and Men were here sincere;
 Here ev'ry honest Man might find a Friend;
 Fair *Science*, early, found her Patron here.
 Look where he lies—for there the Scene must end.

Come now, chill Fancy! trail thy Mourners here,
 Lead on thy Train in flow and solemn Plight;
 Bear hence away this sad, untimely Bier,
 Mute as the Breath of Silence in the Dead of Night.

D

Here

Here, *Brittain's Genius*—here thy Sorrows bring ;

Here let thy righteous Tears in Justice flow.

(O were I taught to touch the Master String,

That might awake a Nation into Woe.)

Lo! where she sits lamenting, by the Way,

Like *Pity*, mourning for her first-born Child ;

Her Robes of Royalty to Dust a Prey,

And her bare Breast by Hatred's Hand defil'd.

Lo! where the Husband of her better Years,

The little Comfort, all he has, would part.

(A King is wedded to a Nation's Cares,

And all his Subjects should be Sons at Heart.)

In

In vain he brings the Flatterer of her Joys,
 And tells of Infant Smiles to sooth Despair ;
 A Scene more distant all her Soul employs.
 Far less the Pains we feel than those we fear.

Hail ! drooping *Genius* of our Nation ! Hail !
 O let me mix my kindred Tears with thine !
 Speak all thy Fears—I'll listen to the Tale,
 And every gloomy Prospect shall be mine.

Lean on my Arm, and I will lead the Way,
 Where scarce a Dawn of Hope shall find us out,
 Where, looking forward to some future Day,
 Sit longing *Expectation* and her Sister *Doubt*.

Come

Come on, fair Mourner, let us travel here,
 Where, at the Entrance of pale *Horror's* Cave,
 Sits the cold Portrefs, trembling haggard *Fear*,
 Who points her wasted Finger tow'rd the Grave.

Mark on her Breast the Phantom of *Despair*,
 A crawling Toad that stares with Blood-shot Eye,
 That, swelt'ring, gnaws her bleeding Bosom bare,
 And sucks the Heart that would, but cannot, die!

Hard by, a strange fantastic Group appear,
 Wan *Cowardice*, each Moment changing Seat ;
 Weak *Apprehension*, pricked in the Rear,
 And sober *Melancholy*, Mother of *Conceit*.

Come,

Come, sad *Brittannia* !—here, without Controul,
 (Yet woe the Day that makes the *Horror's* Guest!)
 Pour out the dire Prefages of thy Soul,
 And found the Depth of Mis'ry in thy Breast.

Look now, where tip-toed *Fear*, with shiv'ring Lips,
 Has turn'd the Key, and wide her Portal stands;
 Quick *Apprehension* in before us trips,
 And bids us follow with her beck'ning Hands.

Look, *Brittain's Genius*—look, and view the Scene;
 Behold anticipated all your Fears,
 Where, high exalted o'er the Sons of Men,
 Your Lord declines adown the Vale of Years.

Close to his Side, the Darling of his Race,
 Fast holding to the Hand by which he's led,
 Is learning now the rugged Ways to trace,
 The Paths of Royalty, so difficult to tread.

E'er long, perhaps, himself to track the *Way*,
 To wind its steep Ascent and sudden Fall ;
 How easy 'tis the narrow Path to stray !
 How hard one erring Footstep to recall !

Ah ! see *Britannia*, Providence commands,
 And low, thy *Sovereign's* level'd in the Dust.
 Shock'd with the Stroke, his tender Pupil stands,
 And to his tott'ring Feet can hardly dare to trust.

Behold

Behold him now pursue the Task alone :

Ten thousand friendly Foes around him press ;

Ev'n *Vice*, in heav'nly Form, besets the *Throne* ;

And *servile Flatt'ry* in *Submission's* Drefs.

Hark ! *Adulation* sooths his list'ning Ear ;

Bewitching *Beauty* drops the languish'd Eye ;

Designing *Pleasure* throws her filken Snare ;

And mean *Effeminacy* loiters softly by.

Curse on their specious and delusive Art,

That waves his pliant Virtue to and fro,

That plucks fair budding Honour from his Heart,

And sinks a Kingdom into lasting Woe.

O turn *Brittannia!* turn thine Eyes away!

For let us leave, behind, this cruel Scene.

I ken the Dawning of an happier Day,

That yet may smile unclouded and serene.

Lo! where she comes, commission'd from on High,

Swift on the Wind her Silver Chariot driv'n,

Fair smiling *Hope*, the Wish of ev'ry Eye,

The darling Good of Men and sweetest Child of Heav'n.

She draws the Veil wide over shrinking *Fear* :

Dastard *Illusion* from her Presence flies ;

Hid is the ugly Head of dire *Despair* ;

And placid all the Scene as Summer's Evening Skies.

She

She brings, pourtray'd, the Balm to Sorrow's Smart,

Where stands the Infant Copy of his Sire,

Trac'd in the nicest Touches of the Heart,

The Patriot's Virtue and the Hero's Fire.

Led by a Monarch's tender Parent Arm,

(Long spar'd in Mercy, at a Nation's Prayer)

Or nurs'd by *Virtue*, in a *Mother's* Form,

He lives a Recompence to all their Care.

He lives his Father's better Steps to trace,

To glow his perfect Image in our Eye,

To shine the Glory of a Sovereign Race,

To win the Love of *All*, and then——perhaps, *to die*.

O what a Thought! Where is the flatt'ring Scene!

Alas! the bright, enchanting Prospect's fled!

Deceitful *Hope*! *Fear* yet controuls within,

And bids me still to mourn that **FREDERICK's** dead.

Yet shall my Song not dare to speak his Praise,

Nor need my feeble Breath to sound his Fame;

His Virtues be the Theme of future Days:

FOR AGES YET TO COME SHALL SING OF **FREDERICK's**

NAME.

F I N . I S .

